

For all The Sound and the Fury that has emerged from our universities and other intellectual citadels over the past two weeks, only one phrase remains in my mind.

On the eve of our landings, when clamour was at its highest, Mr. John Sparrow, Warden of All Souls, said to me:

"They shouldn't be rocking the boat—particularly when it's a landing-craft."

LAST week the British Red Cross was virtually our only link with Hungary. Miss Evelyn Bark, a grey-haired, dynamic woman who speaks six languages, has been directing

in while I sat with Miss Bark, but the Red Cross has all the volunteers it needs. Now it is a question of money. The two Government grants are being channelled through the British Red Cross, but they are melting away fast.

"I'm just going to buy a couple of five-ton lorries," Miss Bark told me on the doorstep. And the Good Samaritan crossed over to the other side of the street to catch her bus.

Lifeline

DURING the last two weeks, swayed now this way and now that by news and views, many citizens have found refuge in the dictum "My country, right or wrong."

This is a misquotation of the words of a famous American Naval Commander, Stephen Decatur (1779-1820), who made his name, as it happens, in the Mediterranean, in the American campaigns against Tripoli between 1803 and 1805 and later.

The full quotation is:

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but, our country, right or wrong."

The Major . . .

SOMEONE for whom recent events had a particular significance is Major Yerushan Cohen of St. Antony's College, Oxford.

"There is nothing unusual," I was told, "in Major Cohen's being here." Graduate students of fifteen nationalities make a little Cosmopolis out of the college founded by M. Antonin Besse; and as a Yemenite Jew who speaks many Arabic dialects to perfection the ebullient and much-liked Major is well equipped for the study of his special subject, the revolt of Arabi Pasha in the Egypt of the 1880s.

But Major Cohen has the further distinction, rare among Israelis, of having won the warm personal affection of Colonel Nasser. Chance meetings during the armistice negotiations between Egypt and Israel left the Colonel with a deep respect (later acknowledged in his egregious "Philosophy of Revolution") for the Major's gifts of exposition.

"Since then their needs are changing every hour," Miss Bark told me. "One minute it is anti-tetanus, then tear-gas ointment, then back to baby food."

The friendship, unafraid by

time record as a leader of anti-Egyptian guerrillas, is now thought to be in decline.

Waiting for Beckett

EVER since "Waiting for Godot" became the most-discussed play of the last ten years, actors, editors, publishers and theatrical managers

have been hoping for the first performance of Mr. Beckett's "All That Fall," the manuscript of which arrived recently at Broadcasting House.

As to the nature of the play, it has succeeded where everyone else has failed; and I must congratulate him on having that it runs for about an hour, secured, for January of next year, the "world first" per-

formance of "Godot," and bears the marks of Mr. Beckett's new preoccupation with the possibilities of radio.

A New Testament

WITH the publication this week of the general edition of "The Authentic New Testament" (Dennis Dobson, 2s), the distinguished Hebrew Scholar, Dr. Hugh Schonfeld, the first Jew to have translated the gospels into English.

The work marks the end of thirty years' labours begun when Dr. Schonfeld was an undergraduate at Glasgow University. Part of this time he was working in an advertising agency, and he financed a walking tour of Galilee by writing an official report on prospects for the book trade in the Middle East.

As a Jew he felt that an enormous responsibility rested on him. He made his translation twelve times before he was satisfied, the chief difficulty being "to get the Authorised Version out of my system."

Dr. Schonfeld told me that the further he got away from the Authorised Version, the more he found writers of the New Testament emerging as distinct individuals, each with a definite style of his own.

Mark, for instance, he found uniliterary. Luke was "a very good journalist," whilst Paul was "vigorous, but a trifle long-winded."

But as an historical work he is deeply impressed with the authenticity of the New Testament.

London Mag.

LAST May I regrettably announced the forthcoming demise of "The London Magazine" owing to the withdrawal of its previous financial support.

I spoke too soon. Help came to Mr. John Lehmann from elsewhere, and the staunch little monthly just kept afloat.

Now the magazine has finally been saved by Lehmann, who tell me that they will act as its publishers and distributors as from the end of the year.

John Lehmann will remain the proprietor and editor.

In perhaps the most disastrous year in the history of magazine publishing it is splendid news that "The London Magazine" has been saved at the very gate of the graveyard.

The Blockships

THE clearance of the Suez Canal is likely to prove the biggest diving job since the

first post in France few, I think, would deny. A staunch and perceptive Anglophile (his "Sir Rufus Fox, gentleman-rider") bears one of the most delicious English names in French fiction, he endears himself to his English friends by a charming and outmoded politeness in his correspondence and a wit that glows but does not seek to wound.

Some time ago, for instance, I spoke to him of the high merits of Crèpe père et fils as editors of Baudelaire.

"But of course," he replied.

"The Crèpes have specialised

in Baudelaire since the reign of Louis XIV."

The Terrible Eel

AMONG recent arrivals in London, and certainly the most fascinatingly horrible, are the giant Moray eels from Bermuda, now on view in the Zoo's aquarium.

These vicious eels, with scorpion and mudskipper, are far greater dangers underwater than the shark or the octopus, which are shy and, in the latter case, lovable creatures.

I went to visit the giant Moray last week, and I strongly recommend them to students of the sinister. Four or five feet long and as thick as a youthful thigh, they are of a uniform muddy olive colour. The head tapers sharply and hideously to a whippet-like snout whose long jaws bristle with needle teeth. There is something wonderfully cold and watchful about the eyes, which are small and milk-white with a black iris.

"These monsters curl up with loathsome grace through and around pieces of drapery, slowly opening and shutting their jaws and wishing they could get at you through the glass.

In half the world's oceans they are the most feared fish. They are worth your inspection.

People and Words

"The first duty of Christian people is to stand firmly for the cause of justice and freedom against hysterical passion and the loathsome imputation of the baseness of many people."

—Archbishop of York.

"What is of greater value to you than a bar of gold, a chest at your Prime Minister?" —EVELYN LABOUR M.P. for Leeds East.

"The cause does not only exist in a courtesy to our enemies, but also something we like at home."

—VISCOUNT HARSHAM.

"The Soviet Union is bound to the appeal made to them to defend Socialism in Hungary, is bound to the defense of the interests of the world working class."

—Executive Committee of the British Communist Party.

"If you are a prisoner in Dartmoor, you can't get letters addressed to you at 7, 'The View.' —MISTER OF PRINCETON.

"There is an art in being dumb."

—MISS NORMA SYKES (alias Sabrina).

PEOPLE and THINGS: By ATTICUS



Miss Evelyn Bark.

operations in London, and, by now, she will be in Vienna.

Five weeks ago she was visiting Red Cross units in a Hungarian at peace. Almost as soon as she got back to England she had to start saving Hungarian lives, watching the situation get daily worse and worse, until now it is desperate.

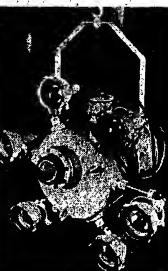
Good Samaritan

Miss Bark's first news of the renewed fighting was telephoned from Geneva to the small house of Monsieur monogram, urgently calling for bedding and baby food. Within twenty-four hours she and her staff had got off an aircraft with 84 tons of bedding and two lorries, loaded with baby food, were on their way across the Channel.

"Since then their needs are changing every hour," Miss Bark told me. "One minute it is anti-tetanus, then tear-gas ointment, then back to baby food."

Offers of help were pouring

Major Cohen's brilliant war-



Siebe, German-Marconi Submarine TV Camera.

the work will be undertaken by divers of the Navy's Boom Defences and Salvage Department in standard dress—i.e., old-fashioned helmet and arripe.

Underwater television may also play a part. If the blockships require complicated cutting and demolition, this can be directed by salvage officers on the surface, viewing on the television screen.

During television control the surface keeps in touch with the diver by telephone. At an early demonstration to senior officers of the Admiralty telephone, "Write something on your blackboard, diver."

The diver scribbled away and held up the board in front of the camera. It said: "What about more pay for divers?"

The Great Tradition

TOMORROW's performance by the Renaud-Barrault company of Jules Supervielle's "Les Suites d'Une Course" will not, in literal fact, introduce that author to the London theatre, for more than one of his plays has limped on to our stage in English translation; but it will be his first appearance on, as it were, his own class.

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